

at his old school. He glanced down the finely wrought page with suspicion.

"Eh! Mollie Kenton down for an oration? Mollie's daughter, of course. What? Alumni representative? It's our Mollie!"

Professor Draper sat down suddenly and relapsed into a rapt silence. Presently he chuckled.

"To think of it! She must be—h'm—27 would be generosity, I should say. I'm 38 myself!"

He smiled and tugged fiercely at his beard.

"I think I will do it!" he said finally. "I'll know her, anyway! She'll never recognize me in these, however," and he passed his hand over his face.

The hall was duly thronged. Rugs and roses made the stage a fairyland from which debutantes floated at intervals to deliver their message to the waiting world and silently melt away again.

Professor Thomas Draper sat through the long program, impatiently waiting the appearance of the speaker he hoped to recognize. The preceding number had ceased and the thunders of applause that greet young graduates on such occasions as this were dying slowly away.

In the lull that followed a form stepped quickly out from the mystifying background and glided down to the center of the stage. Professor Draper sat up straight and surveyed the figure with unconcealed intensity. After a moment he sank back with a weary air—that was certainly

not his Mollie Kenton! His memory of her was of a far slimmer, more auburn-haired creature; this perfectly proportioned woman—no, it could not be Mollie Kenton.

Idly he listened to the stirring words of the speaker, his eyes occasionally pausing in their wandering to rest on her fair throat, her queenly head or a rounded shoulder. He felt a strange lack of interest now, and his disappointment was bringing him to a realization of the folly of making the unwarranted journey.

In the midst of his thoughts the speaker ended and drifted lightly away to the plaudits of the assemblage.

"Mollie grows younger every day!" remarked some one near by.

The professor opened his eyes quickly and glanced about. He tapped his neighbor lightly on the arm.

"Who was that last speaker?" he inquired.

"That's Mollie Kenton! Don't you know her?"

His informant spoke in a tone of surprise and Professor Draper leaned limply back in his seat.

Was that really Mollie? There was something of the miraculous in this thing, and in an endeavor to account for it on scientific grounds he became calmer. He folded his arms and fixed his eyes straight ahead. He was aroused presently by his neighbor's rising and edging out into the aisle. Unthinkingly he, too, rose and forced a way down to the rear of the hall. He glanced at his